

[Rachel Roth - Raven / POV]

[Injustice World.]

Even after being shown undeniable proof of what he had done, I couldn't believe the accusations against David. The one I remembered was always so gentle and kind, it seemed beyond impossible that he could have done such a thing.

Even then, even if all of this was the truth, I would never stop caring for him, no matter his guilt or innocence, I wouldn't desert him in his time of need. My faith in him was resolute, regardless of what he had done or not - my loyalty towards him was unwavering.

He had always been there for me in my darkest moments, I owed him the same.

I knew very well what Batman was trying to do, but unfortunately for him, I wasn't easy to fool.

I could see his intentions from miles away, he thinks he was fooling me by just showing me the bad side of David's actions.

But I knew he was trying to turn me against David, manipulating me with honey-coated platitudes, and biased facts in an effort to blind me.

If all of this wasn't true, I didn't support David's path, but I wasn't going to aid one that clearly wanted to hurt him.

Nevertheless, for the sake of keeping an eye on Batman, I'd allow him to believe I was on his side, in order to deceive him with false securities. And when the time came, I'd reveal my true intentions and show them why trying to manipulate me was a mistake.

For now, though, I would bide my time, until I could reach David once again.

"I know you care about him, I can see it in your eyes, and because of that, you need to help him," Batman said, his tone low and serious.

I looked up at him, my gaze piercing through the darkness of the room, before nodding, something that evoked a sly smirk on Lucifer's lips. "I will help you, but I won't let any of you hurt him."

"Hurting him is not our intention, just stopping him," Batman said, his expression unwavering.

[Bruce Wayne - Batman / POV]

[Injustice World]

I could tell with ease that Raven, this Raven, was playing both sides, and it was to be expected, after all, her love for Black Bolt was too big for her to be objective about him, meaning it was just a matter of time before she revealed her true intentions, nevertheless, I needed her for now, as her presence would be the key to taking Black Bolt down.

Until then I would pretend to believe her fragile show of allegiance.

Black Bolt had crossed a line no one should've had, and if left unchecked he could very well become an even bigger threat than Superman had ever been or could've been. Unlike Superman, Black Bolt lacked real weaknesses, and that in

combination with his staggeringly dangerous powers made his power unchallenged and unquestioned.

During his battle with Superman, it became clear that the only way to quell such a threat was by outsmarting him. He proved he was far beyond our reach, far beyond Superman's reach, meaning brute force alone would do nothing against him.

By all accounts, he seemed invincible, at least from a head-on approach, so I had to plan his defeat carefully. I knew I would only had one chance, if I failed, then all hope would be lost.

"Perhaps it would be best to let them take him to their universe," Dr. Fate said, interrupting my thoughts.

I looked over at him, his visage illuminating the empty hall we were taking. "And risk him coming back? No, we need to ensure he won't hurt anyone else, again."

"As much as I agree, the way he dealt with the regime was brutal," Dinah said, pausing for a second. "I feel we are making a mistake by doing this. As of now, he isn't our enemy, at least not actively, and if we follow through with this, we are making him a threat, a threat he isn't right now."

I looked at her, her blue eyes burning with doubt. "We are not making him a threat, he already is one," I said, my voice firm and resolute.

"I can't help but agree with Dinah," Dr. Fate sighed. "Perhaps, this is a situation best left to others."

"We can't let him roam free, not after what he did," I replied, my voice unyielding. "No matter what, he must be stopped."

"Even if that's the case, we don't have the power to accomplish that," Dr. Fate replied. "Nabu doesn't want to help, meaning my power is very limited as it is, and even if Nabu wanted to help us, we have no guarantee Lucifer wouldn't help him, making all of our efforts pointless."

"Exactly," The voice of Lucifer echoed through the hall. "If you want my personal opinion, I say you are in way over your heads."

Following his voice, I looked up to see him standing on the other side of the hall, leaning against the wall, his face illuminated by a faint light that seemed to surround him like a halo, but at the same time seemed to burn him like flames.

"You will stop us?" I asked.

Lucifer smiled, his expression almost mocking. "If I wish to, yes," he said, nodding slowly. "But I don't want that, at least not now."

"Why is the devil so interested in him?" I asked, narrowing my eyes.

Lucifer walked towards us, his eyes burning with amusement. "Well, you see," he said, pausing for a second. "That's none of your business."

"Don't antagonize him, Bruce," Dr. Fate said, his voice almost a whisper. "Lucifer is not someone you wish to have as your enemy. He's far beyond what we comprehend, he's a primordial force, a fundamental being older than creation itself, one that can do as he pleases. His power is so that even the lords of Chaos and Order fear him and bow to him. No plan, no amount of research will ever work against him, his power is beyond all."

